



SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES

By Marion Harland



Housewife's Exchange

Don't Clean Ribbon on a Hat

YOU have come to the rescue of others, and I hope you will come to mine also. I would like to clean a white satin ribbon without removing it from a hat. You will greatly oblige me by doing the same.

R. S.

Reluctant as I am to disappoint you in this, your first appeal to me, I cannot encourage you to attempt cleaning a ribbon trimming without removing it from the hat. If it were a smooth, plain band you might treat it carefully with flour or starch. If, as is probable, it is twisted and knotted into bows, you must take it off before cleaning.

A Chance for Holiday Gift-Seekers

PLEASE answer through your valuable paper where I can sell embroideries. Is there any place I can exchange embroideries for anything serviceable in the house?

M. B. O.

As may be surmised, this somewhat singular query has need behind it. It is therefore submitted to the Exchange for consideration. It is quite possible that, in view of the holidays, somebody may wish to avail herself (or himself) of it.

Sawdust as Packing for Canned Fruits

WHILE I rock one child and hold another, I may, perhaps, suggest the reason why you did not succeed in keeping the tomatoes put up by the cold-water process.

Do you not know that sawdust is heating, and that anything put up as you put up tomatoes must be kept cool, dark and dry? It can be done, and with success.

My mother has kept rhubarb by these means, and, as "S. L. A." has said, we always wish there were more before spring. I advise you to prepare your fruit and have plenty ready; then cool your jar by letting the water run in it and leave it partly full of cold water. Now fill your jar full, letting the water take its place as you fill your jar. Then, when full and ready to seal, turn the water on again and seal immediately. Put away at once. Don't leave it in the light or heat until warm. Try again!

Now here is another way of making jelly without cooking. I have never made it myself, but have eaten it. A friend of mine always puts it up this way and it is delicious, though it is not, I suppose you would say, "ripe" until it is two months old. That is, it tastes raw, or "sugary." There! did I coin a word, or not? Excuse me! I did not intend to, but will let it go at that. This is for juicy fruits. My friend squeezes the juice from her fruit without boiling or cooking it; takes half sugar, half juice and beats with Dover egg beater until it thickens, which she says does not take long. Then she puts it into her glasses and on top places a quarter of an inch of sugar; covers and sets away until ready for use.

If the ladies who like green tomato pie will put a piece of butter the size of a walnut into each pie, it will greatly improve it, following the recipe as given in the paper some time ago.

Now for the disagreeable subject of vermin in the hair! Here is a remedy my mother had occasion to use on my head when I was a child. I got "them" at school, and as my hair was thick and fine, and this application never hurt it, I answer for it that there is no disagreeable odor from its use.

Ten cents' worth of fish berries, covered by one pint of rum. Let all stand for twenty-four hours, allowing room for the berries to swell in the bottle.

Shake well and shampoo the hair with it, using the fine comb freely. As I said, this does not injure the hair. If used freely before the child gets the detestable things into her head, they will never come. That is, they will not go where it is.

Hoping this will be of use to some one or more of our Exchange, I close for this time.

M. N. P.

English Robert, the gardener, had his word when I read the first part of this letter to him:

"But, mem, we put our hicc up in sawdust. If 'twas very 'eating—would we do that?"

The objection has weight. I have used sawdust for years for packing raspberry vinegar and very delicate canned fruits. In the recollection of their perfect condition, I may be permitted the modest doubt as to the force of our correspondent's reasoning in re sawdust. Especially, as I am still without word from anyone who has canned tomatoes whole by the cold water process—and successfully. Pie-plant and gooseberries have been preserved thus, according to several authorities. But not a syllable in evidence of tomatoes! Before I "try again" (next year) I should like to have decided encouragement in the shape of direct testimony.

"M. N. P." has the thanks of the Exchange for her helpful letter, doubly valuable when one considers the circumstances in which it was written. One comprehends, in reading it, why "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Don't Scald All the Flavor Out

I WRITE the following for the benefit of the lady who is having trouble in making hard soap. I have made pounds and pounds of hard soap, by simply following the directions given with each can of lye. All brands of lye give directions. I am positive if she should follow directions exactly, she will have no trouble in making fine hard soap.

If the ladies that can rhubarb would use boiling water instead of cold water, they would never have any trouble in keeping it. Fill your cans with rhubarb, then pour boiling water over it and seal.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Is the flavor of the fruit as well preserved as when cold water is used? As I understand it, the chief recommendation of the cold water process, apart from the saving of trouble and work, is that the fruity flavor is not scalded out of pie-plant and berries.

Horror of the Drug Habit Among Women

I N looking over your valuable Housewife's Exchange, I read with heartfelt sympathy the story of "Victim," and feel like coming to her assistance. I was a victim of that great curse, the drug habit, for five years and can therefore know what one must endure, if once a slave in the relentless coils of the awful habit. I have now been cured for three years. I was cured in less than three weeks, without any suffering, doing my housework as if nothing had happened. Now, if "Victim" wants to be cured I will give her the address of the institution that helped me, and she can get all the information she needs. She is too young to ruin her life with years of slavery to the drug habit.

Hoping this will reach her soon, I remain, Have the women who glance carelessly over the foregoing letter any conception of the prevalence of the fatal "habit" among housewives? I say "housewives" advisedly, for statistics kept by family physicians show that by far the larger proportion of women who have fallen "victims" to it are matrons and mothers. The reason for this is patent. A housemother must keep up and keep going no matter how much she suffers from bodily pain and weakness. She is the spring of the domestic machine. A night of anguished tossing is no excuse for lying in bed when the world is astir for another day's work. John and the children must be served—and served well. If she collapses it means utter demoralization.

As an habitual early riser, I have many sadly sober speculations as to what goes on within the lighted windows of country cottages and city flats, visible from my study-window. "Mother" is getting breakfast in seven out of ten of these. And of all the family "Mother" is usually the most weary, if not oftenest ailing. Child-bearing and child-nursing, superadded to unrelenting toil all day long, and seven days in the week, awaken whatever latent tendencies to disease may lurk in her overtaxed body. She is to be pitied rather than blamed, if she resorts to that which will, she knows, hold the fierce pains at bay "until the chores are done." The homely New England word classifies the duties that sap life and strength in thousands of gallant workers. Again I say—Pity her! Help her if you can, and pray for her as for one who sinks in deep mire where there is no standing; who has come into deep waters where the floods overflow her.

Packing Away Summer Gowns

WILL you kindly advise me how to put away a white India linen dress for the winter? It is scarcely soiled, and I do not care to have it done up—ext summer.

M. W.

Line the box with white tissue paper and lay several cakes of pure white wax about the gown. Then close the box tightly. The wax will yellow and the linen will not.

Notable American Women. No. 17



MISS M. CAREY THOMAS

President of Bryn Mawr College and One of the Leading Educators of the United States

Four Excellent Recipes by Correspondents

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.

SIFT together twice, to make sure of thorough mixing, a cupful of rye flour, one of white cornmeal, one of graham flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one heaping teaspoonful of soda; add a cupful of molasses and two cupfuls of sour milk. Mix thoroughly, and pour into a round mould with a close top. It should be two-thirds full. Butter the cover, fit it on, and steam three hours, keeping the water about half way up the mould. Dip the mould into cold water, holding it there one minute, to make the bread shrink from the sides. Have ready a folded napkin laid upon a hot plate. Reverse the mould upon this and turn out the bread carefully. Send to table warm and cut in horizontal slices.

CELERY GREENS.

I N PEPPARING a bunch of celery to be eaten raw, do not, as the manner of some is, throw the outer and tougher stalks and all the leaves into the garbage pail. The curative properties of this popular escul. are too little known. Brain workers and those whose daily life tells severely upon the nerves should eat freely of celery. It also acts beneficially upon the blood.

Wash the "refuse" stalks clean and scrape off the brown and yellowish streaks. Cut into half-inch pieces, reserving all the best leaves for cooking. Put the cut stems on to cook in boiling water and let them stew one hour. Then add the leaves and continue the cooking twenty minutes longer. Drain and press out the water. Salt to taste. Add a little sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, rolled in flour, and a few spoonfuls of cream. Return to the fire and stir one minute, or until very hot. Serve in a deep dish.

A GOOD WINTER SALAD.

BOIL large, smooth beets until thoroughly cooked and scrape off the skin. With a small spoon scoop out the insides of the beets. Let them get perfectly cold. Chop up half of the beet centres and mix with them as much minced ham or tongue and chopped parsley. Season with salt and pepper and put the mixture back in the beets. Set the beets on lettuce leaves and pour a mayonnaise dressing over all.

TO KEEP HOUSE PLANTS FREE FROM INSECTS.

DISSOLVE a bar of laundry soap, shaved fine, in a quart of lukewarm water. Set over the fire and bring to a gentle boil. Keep this up for ten minutes. Take to the table, away from the stove, and add two quarts of kerosene to the mixture, gradually beating all the while with a Dover or other egg beater. It should be as thick as mayonnaise dressing when done.

Keep in a cool place. In using, dilute one cupful with two gallons of water. It will be almost milk white. Spray the plants infested by aphidae, red spiders or other greenhouse pests with this.

The recipe was given to me by a celebrated florist: a may be depended upon.

INVESTIGATORS ARE NOW MEASURING SLEEP

I T HAS long been known that age, sex, occupation, state of health and other influences affect the period during which sleep last, and also the soundness of one's sleep, says the Detroit Free Press. There is reason to think, too, that the latter is variable through the night with every individual, even though his slumber may remain practically unbroken. This phase of the subject, however, has not been studied much until recently. Hence few people realize how greatly the depth of sleep fluctuates. In order to get some light on the question, two investigators in the University of Rome, Dr. Sante de Sanctis and D. U. Neyroz, conducted a series of experiments which extended through six months. Nine different persons, four of whom were thoroughly healthy, and five of whom had diseased nervous systems, were the subjects of these tests.

The general plan of procedure was to wait until after they had fallen asleep and then employ uniform means to awaken them. For this purpose an instrument was used called an esthesiometer. It was made up of a blunt point that might be pressed against the skin, a spiral spring and a carefully graduated scale, which showed the degrees of pressure used. The point was applied gently to the sleeper's left temple and pressed until he awoke, then the scale was examined and notes were made of the hour and minute and of the scale reading. The same person was not awakened more than once or twice a night, but the experiments were so timed that in the course of a few months they covered the whole eight-hour period during which sleep lasted, at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes several times over. These data, having been tabulated, show that the soundest sleep in the four healthy

subjects occurred between an hour and a quarter and an hour and a half after dropping off. Unconsciousness rapidly and almost steadily increased during that period, and then in the next quarter or half hour diminished greatly. Thereafter surprising oscillations were detected. On the average, though, the stages of lightest sleep occurred about: four and a half and again five and a half hours after the beginning. A short, low secondary maximum of intensity followed in the next hour and a half or two hours. From this point the decline was rapid to the final awakening. In epileptics and paralytics very much the same state of things was observed, except that they slept more profoundly than healthy subjects, and in one person the unconsciousness at the end of the fifteen minutes was almost as marked as at an hour and a half.

The Mother's Corner

A Mother's Duty Toward a Drunken Son

SOME day when you have time and space I would like to have your opinion on how far a mother's duty should be extended to her children.

I am at present living with a near relative and am general housemaid or housekeeper. One of the sons of the family has become during the past year and a half a habitual drunkard, working until he has enough funds to supply him with liquor and sufficient clothing to look respectable and for the remainder of the time imposing on his mother. In order to shield him and keep herself she works in a shop. It is pitiful to everyone except the offender to see her white drawn face and to know all she has done to make him mend his ways and become a sober man; but in all this time there is no change for the better. You can readily imagine that this has a dreary effect on our home. I am still young, but it is not taken into consideration by anyone in the house how it looks to outsiders for me to admit at any time during the day a great tottering, coddled fellow with a face like a lobster, while I am trembling with fear lest he may tumble over the little girls who are toddling around, or settle himself to sleep where I have to attend to my housework. We have dropped our friends one by one, for who wants to bring visitors to a house where they may be confronted with an object of this sort?

* * * Some day you may write on the subject which I have asked you to treat. If you do, I will be very glad to know what you think, and also to see if your opinion coincides with mine.

A THINKER.

IT HAS long been my "opinion" that every habitual drunkard should be reported as a public and private nuisance, and be taken into custody by city, county or State authorities. And this, no matter how rich and influential his family and connections. A State asylum should be provided for such unfortunates, where they can be treated as in any other hospital, and kept until discharged as "cured." The very existence of such institutions would hold back many an one from indulgence in the "spree" he longs for. To rank drunkenness as a crime against family and community would effectually dispel the glamour that for weak, bumptious youths hangs around "the flowing bowl." Inebriety would take its right place as a vulgar "offense."

Now as to this particular instance: Of the many pictures sketched for us by the pens of correspondents none has appealed more powerfully to my heart and imagination than that of the "white drawn face" of the devoted mother doing a shop-girl's work at an age when she should be living in a sheltered home, tended by loving children. Here, if ever, the law should interfere and demand that the son support himself, or be committed as a common vagrant. Oh, the pity of it—and the unutterable shame!

Is it this mother's duty—according to the widest stretch of maternal love and obligation to the child she has borne—to suffer and to do these things? Assuredly not, when the sight of the inflamed visage, the reek of the liquor-laden breath, the foul mummings of the thick tongue, make a hell of what should be a tranquil retreat for her other children and their friends. While it is as true as heaven that mother-love is the one and only disinterested affection possible to any creature of mortal mould—when this is concentrated upon one of several children, it is always a grievous error, sometimes a grievous wrong to the innocent. This mother has no right to make her dutiful sons and daughters drink of the bitterness of her overflowing cup.

His stagger into the dwelling her daughters keep clean and sweet is not the return of the repentant prodigal. It is rather the wallow of the swine in mud of his own making, the willful defilement of home.

Some Suggestions From a Grandfather

I DO NOT desire to be obtrusive, but, having noticed some questions in the mothers' corner, and signed "G. B." I thought you could perhaps not object to one of the sterner sex giving a few suggestions for the benefit of the young woman of twenty-four.

No young man, with any respect for himself or for the young lady, would even dare to intimate that the young lady's mother was an incubus. The welfare of the daughter is forever a source of the keenest interest to the mother, and her presence is only too often a necessity. I would not only suggest her making her mother her confidant, but she should intimate to the young man or men that if her mother's presence is distasteful, so also should be hers. No young man of pure mind will desire to drive away the natural guardians of the young woman, and should she be so unwise as to yield to the young men's importunities, she will not only regret in the future the acts of the past, but will also bring down in sorrow to the grave that mother who has spent her life in watching over and caring for her while she was too weak to care for herself. Better far to tell the young men she can dispense with their society than with that of the parent who would fight until death to save her child. Pardon me for intruding, but I have seen too many brought to trouble and grief through actions of this kind not to try to show the right way to the questioner.

A GRANDFATHER.

"OBTRUSIVE" and "obtruding" are not words "to be named in connection with the words "A Grandfather" honors the Parents' Corner and the editor thereof by writing. Such excellent oil as is expressed from his observation and experience is a welcome offering. Fashion has set her seal (and for once wisely) upon this subject by ordaining chaperonage as a necessary function of society life. It is not that mothers do not trust their daughters, or that they have injurious suspicions as to the character of their visitors, that they would maintain a tender watch upon their goings and comings, their doings and their sayings. But impulsive youth is imprudent, and word strikes out word, as flint fire, and young heads are light to giddiness. Charlotte Brente and her own hot and hasty youth in mind when she wrote:

"It was one of those silly deeds that distresses the heart and sets the face on fire to think of: one of those small but sharp recollections that return, lacerating your self-respect like tiny penknives, and forcing from your lips, as you sit alone, sudden, insane-sounding ejaculations."

From such laceration and belated regrets we would save our best-beloved.

LOOK IN MIRROR TO CURE SEASICKNESS

A NEW cure for seasickness has just been discovered by the Italian Ambassador to this country, Signor Mayor des Planches. It is the simplest thing in the world. When at sea, lie down, fix your eyes steadily on a mirror, and the demon of mal de mer will disappear. In case the reader may think that this is a joke, it is well to explain that Signor Mayor des Planches has written in all seriousness to a friend in Washington, Dr. E. Castelli, telling him of his extraordinary discovery, and explaining exactly why the magical mirror acts in the way he says it does.

The explanation of seasickness is that the constantly changing horizon, now high, now low, as the inexperienced voyager looks out at the sea line, causes a feeling of vertigo that is exactly similar to that experienced by one who looks from the top of a high tower at the sky line, sweeping it so that every few seconds the horizon becomes different, giving a sensation of lack of equilibrium which is called vertigo, and whose symptoms are a cold perspiration, weak pulse, nausea and vomiting, the symptoms exactly of seasickness.

On the ocean the horizon, from the pitching of the ship, changes repeatedly, placing the passenger in the same position as the observer from the tower top. The treatment tends to prevent the eye afflicting the stomach with nausea by placing a mirror where the patient can constantly fix his eyes upon it. The changing of horizon is then reflected by a surface equal in every plane, and the eyes lose the consciousness of the different changes.

The Ambassador says he discovered the remedy accidentally, and found it to have the most beneficial results.

ONE BIG EEL HALTS WORK IN FACTORY

JUST a plain, dirty, muddy-black eel it was, but there was enough of this one to clog a water main and stop a great five-story factory, for more than a thousand people idle for more than two hours, congest traffic on the street and almost frighten four stalwart laborers out of their wits.

Three feet and two inches of this slippery eel sneaked into the large water main that carries water from the street to a large manufacturing establishment at the corner of Sigourney and Smith streets, Brooklyn, which turns out tons of building paper daily.

Suddenly the water supply of the building was cut off. None of the various branches using water continually could get any. The engineer discovered that the hold on it they managed to drag the eel-bolter was running low. The steam gave